

The Maidens Blush:

OR,

JOSEPH,

*Mirror of Modesty,
Map of Pietie,
Maze of Destinie,
Or rather
Divine Providence.*

From the Latin of *Fracastorius*,

Translated;

&

Dedicated

To the High-Hopefull

CHARLES,

Prince of Wales.

By IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

LONDON

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TO
The High,
Hopefull-Happy Prince,
CHARLES
Prince of Wales,

'Duke of Cornewall, and Earle of Chester.

*A*mong the Preace that to Your Presence flowes,
With Joy-full Honours, as this time requires;
Instead of costly Suites, of curious shewes,
Of precious Gifts, of solemne Panegyres:
Accept a Heart which to Your Highnesse owes
Whole Hecatombes of Happy-most Desires;
Praying, All prosperous to your blowing Rose,
In All, to equall, or excell Your Sire's:

PHOT. of
SEN 12953



TO
The High,
Hopetull-Happy Prince,
CHARLES
Prince of Wales,

Duke of Cornewall, and Earle of Chester.

*A*mong the Princes that to Your Profusion
With Joy-full Homages, as this time requires;
Instead of costly Suites, of curious Shows,
Of precious Gifts, of solemn Pageants:
Accept a Heart which to Your Highness owes
Whole Hecatombs of Happy-moost Desires;
Praying, All prosperous to your blooming Rose,
In All, to equall, or excell Your Sire's:

THE EPISTLE, &c.

*That in All Vertues of a Prince complete,
All Princely Glories may attend you still:
All that may make a KING as Good as Great.
All IOSEPH'S Blessings (from th' Esernall Hill)
whose Happy Legend comes to gratulate
Your High Creation, and Your Birth-dayes Date.*

The better Day,
The better Deed.

Look the next leaf,
And so proceed.



Prince

*ARTHURS CASTLE,
Chiefest ARTS CHAST LIRE;
Now,
Now, or Neuer,
Daign My HARTS LAST CVRE.*

*L*ike sad Arion on his Dolphins Backe,
Amid the Ocean of my Carefull Feares,
Nigh slept of all, Now slept in boary lares;
So I (poore Relique of Your Brothers weaknes)
My Harpstrings quance, while my Heart-strings ceases:
My Hand growes weacy, and my Health weares,
To sturre Compassion in some Powerfull eares,
At last, to land me, and supply my lacke.

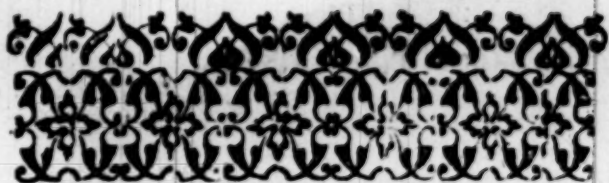
*You, You alone (Great PRINCE) with Pious grace
Have held my Chaine above the Waters brink:
Hold Still, alas! hold stronger, or I sink.
Or hale me up into some safer place,
Some Priue-Groom, some Room within your Doores:
That, as my Heart, my Harpe may all be Yours.*

In Effect, as in Affection,

To Your Hignes service,

A Ever humbly deuoted,

IOSVAM SYLVESTER.



The Maidens Blush:

OR,

JOSEPH.

CHASTE *Muse of Muses*, that in sacred Laves,
With straines vnwonted, dost delight to raise
From blacke *Oblivion's* sad and silent Tents,
Th' Heroick Gests and Noble Monuments
Of antike *WORTHIES*, and their fames reuiue,
Through euery Age to All that shall suruiue;
Now, Now reuolue th' Authentickall *Records*
Of th' *Holy Nation*, whom the Lord of Lords
Chose for his Owne, (Whose Line directly came
From Princely Loines of faithful *ABRAHAM*):
And sweetly run'd to th' sacred voyce of Truth,
Sing That Religious, That rare-Modest *Youth*
(Good *Isaac's* Grand-child, and great *Jacob's* Son)
Whom *God* indu'd, (by *Dreames*) of things yet done

To

The Maidens Blush.

To tell the issue: Tell, ô! tell Thou All
That He indur'd through swelling Enuies Gall;
Till at the last, tryumphing of his Foes,
Through *Pharao's* grace to Princely Place he rose
(As *Egypt's* Viceroy) by diuine Decree
Fore-sent, a Friend and Founder there to be
Of th' happy People, and the holy Seed,
From Whence, should Hope of future Life proceed;
And Whence *Saluation* should be freely giuen,
Through th' heavenly Key that should re-opê *Heauen*.
And, O! Thou Glory of Great *STVARTS* Stemme,
Great *Jacob's* Heire, Great-Britaines Ioy and Gemme,
CHARLES, King of Hopes, & Hope-full Prince of Men,
My great *Mecœnas*, to embear my Pen,
Assist Thou also: and with gentle Gales
Of Help-full Fauiour, fill my Hopefull Sailes:
That managre Enuie's Rocks and Fortunes Storme,
My sacred Voyage I may safe performe,
To th' onely glory of my Ghostly Guide,
His Churches Profit, and Your Praise, beside;
While, vnder *IOSEPH's* Wondrous Temperance,
His Piety, His Prudent Gouernance,
I prophecie Your Princely Vertues Crop,
(Your Parents Prayer, and Your Peoples Hope)

The Maidens Blush.

God say Amen. But, Tide for none dorth stay,
I must aboard, I must mine Anchor weigh.
Away to Sea: the Winde is wondrous good,
Spread all our Cannas: O how swift we scud!
Through all the Western, and the Mid-land Seas,
Arriu'd already to descry (with ease)
The Coast of *Ioppa* and *Samaritan* Hills,
With wealthy *Sichems* goodly Groues and Fields.
Already (running twixt his winding banks)
Jordan begins to wash our wel-come Planks,
Where *Hebron's* valley our glad Welcome sings,
And euen *Mount Tabor* with the Eccho rings.

Th' Old Serpent knew (for Much to know is giuen
Vnto that Hell-god, by the G o d of Heauen)
It was decreed by euerlasting Date,
And promised, that there should propagate,
From *Abraham's* happy Stocke, a holy Stem
Which should confound th' Infernall Diadem.
In doubt whereof, perplext and vexed sore,
His Ielousie of *Jacob* grew the more.
The more he enuies *Sichem's* Shepheard-Prince,
As well because, with duer Reuerence
Did None obserue and serue th' Eternall Lord,
Nor iustler liu'd, nor righter him ador'd.

As

The Maidens Blush.

As for the goodly Blessings of his Bed,
(Twelve lusty Sonnes) likely alone to spread
Into a People holy and deuout.

Therefore he labours, and he layes about,
With all the Engines of his hellish Hate,
That, That deere Issue to exterminate.
Especially, that louely Lad (whose Birth
Had happy Stars, presaging holy Worth ;)
I O S E P H, the darling of his Fathers age,
Borne of his (first-lou'd) second marriage :
Whom, *Nature-grace*, the *Graces* nurtur'd fine
In liberall Arts, and loue of Law diuine;
Inspir'd his Soule with skill of future things ;
His munde aspiring with celestially wings :
To Elders Modest, to his equalls milde,
With *Piety* and *Prudence* past a Childe.

Now, as frō flowres whēce Bees their hony make,
The loathsome Spider doth his poyson take ;
Hence did the Fiend in th' other Brethren hatch
Close deadly Hate, him harm-lesse to dispatch :
Nor would He let the first occasion slip
That might aduance his wyly workmanship :
For, for the most, to each mans Inclination,
He knowes, in time, to offer his Temptation.

It

The Maidens Blush.

It hapned then, vpon a Summers day,
When as the Sunne had with his parching Ray
Driven all the Brethren all their flocks to driue
To the coole Couert that the Woods would giue ;
Them-selues set round vnder a shadie Oake,
Yong I O S E P H thus gently the rest bespoke.

Brothers, I'le tel you my strange Dream to night,
Heare it, I pray (what euer meane it might,
It was an odde one.) Early, when the Stars
Were all call'd in (excepting *Lucifer's*,
Dayes daily Vsher) slumbring sweet this Morne,
Me thought We all were in a field of Corne,
All binding Sheaves ; and when we each had One,
My Sheafe, me thought, stood bolt vpight alone,
And all your Sheaves did instantly incline,
And lowly bow their bended tops to mine.

Then *Judah*, nettled with no little hate
Against the Lad, began him thus to rate :
Why, saucy Boy, What phant'sies dost thou fable ?
Is this your Dreame, you deeme so admirable ?
Hath not perhaps some Spirit inspir'd you so ?
No doubt there hath : the spirit of Wine, I trowe.
But, pray, What *Angue* doth your wonder bring ?
That you (belike) shall of vs all be King.

Good

The Maidens Blasp.

Good King of Crickets, line thy Crown with Baits,
Lest drunken Vapors some Rebellion raise.

The rest concurr'd to gird the harmlesse Boy
With flouts and shouts of *O God give you my:*
God save your Grace, Your Majesty to come,
And tell, in Scorne, their Father all the summe.

Hee, good old man, (not without *God within*)
He ponders all that he had heard and seene;
As if discerning somewhat in the Lad
Of higher straine, than euery stripling had:
Yet, to conceale it from the rest he seemes,
And bids the Boy beware of guilefull *Dreames*.

But, He, to whom *God* greater Honors meant,
Soone after dream'd of grauer Argument.
Him seem'd, that, set in stately Eminence,
Before his Feet, with humble Reuerence,
The Sunne and Moone and Elcuen Stars he saw,
Stooping vnto him in obsequious Awe.
Which well recording (for by heauenly grace
That Gift he had) within a little space
He tells his Brethren of his second Transc:
Who, re-incens'd with ragefull Arrogance,
Soone shew their Father, with his fatall *Dream*,
Their rancor, spleene, and cank' red spite extreame.

Jacob

The Maidens Bluffs.

Jacob, at first amazed, calls his Sonne ;
And, as interp'ring, thus to chide begun :
What ! Sirra ; shall I, and your Mother too,
And all your Brothers bow our Necks to you ?
Shall you be mounted on your Chaire of State ,
And Wee come All base Beggars to your Gate ?
If such a folly haue befum'd your braine ,
And fill'd your phant'sie with presumptuous vaine ,
With idle Hopes : away with those Conceits ;
Trust not to *Dreames*, list not to such Deceits
So reason-lesse, ridiculous, and light ;
Monsters, *Chimera's*, shadowes of the Night :
Which (if not good) it is not *God* doth send,
But some Illusion of the subtile Fiend,
To traine our Weakenes to some sinfull Trap ;
Or, to betray vs to some dire mis-hap :
As from his Cels false Oracles hee wrests,
From flight of Birds, and Tripes of mangled Beasts.

Hast thou not heard of *Belus*, *Anubis*,
Ops, *Hecate*, and other *Deities*,
Whom the blinde *Hearthen* in their Temples haue,
Frequent their Altars, and their Rites obserue ;
Waiting their Answers with the humblest Awe ,
All which is hatefull to our *Holy Law* ?

There-

The Maidens Blush.

Therefore be Wise : and looke henceforth we heare
No more such *Dreames* of such phantastike geare.

He thus dismiss, the rest he milde bespake
To calme their storme, and kindly bade them take
The Flocks to Field, and drive them soft and faire
To *Sichen* Woods, to feede in cooler aire.

Their Fathers bidding they eft-soones obey'd,
(Yong *I o s e p h* yet at home with him he staid)
Passing the fruitfull Vales and flow'ry Greenes
Of plentious *Hebron*, to those shadie Screenes.

But, nor the Verdure of those Hills nor Dales,
Nor song of Birds, nor shade of Woods, nor Gales
Of whispering Winds, could kill or cancell quite
Those odious *Dreames* they dream-on day & night.
Rather, they gather daily more Disdaine,
Sharpen their Enuy, giue their Rage the raine,
With Threats & Vows; while the euil spirit too nigh
Still stirres and spurs their hatefull Ielousie.

Now, twice the Sunne had run his Iourney swift,
When the next morning they prepare to shift
To *Dothan's* pleaiaunt Downs for fresher Feed,
And to be further off from home (indeed) ;
And so the longer ere they could reuert,
Which they euen loath'd, and hated at the heart.
Wherefore

The Maidens Bluff,

Wherefore (night after night, day after day)
When, past their wont, their Father saw them stay ;
In musefull care his I O S E P H calls he quicke,
And bids him Thus : I prece-thee Boy goe seeke
Thy Brethren out (on *Sichem* Downes they feed,
Or deere about) and bring me word with speed,
What vncouth Reason of their stay there is :
My minde mis-giues me somewhat is amisse
With them, or with their Cattle : hye thee, Lad.

Away scuds I O S E P H (no lesse swift then glad)
As farre as *Sichem* : but there looking round,
Neither his Brethren, nor the Flocks he found.
Perplexed then, he calls them one by one ;
Hoaw, Brothers ! *Ruben* ! *Leui* ! *Simeon* !
Then, whoops and hallooes with his Treble throat,
So loud and shrill, that, to his warbling Note
With doubled *Eschoes*, Woods and Caues reply :
But, not a Brother answers Eare or Eye.

By chance, a Wood-man that an Oke did shrowd,
Hearing the Lad, and knowing, call'd him lowd,
And told him thus ; I heard your Brethren say
They would to *Dorban* : Thither, that's the way,
There shall you finde them with their Cattle faste,
In better Pasture then is heere by halfe.

B

Thanks

The Maidens Blush.

Thanks thinks the Lad: and ~~sithen~~ out of sight,
As swift as Roe he runs to *Dorhan* right.

When, from a Hill, his Hatefull Brethren spi'd
Him yet farre-off: O! yonder comes (they cry'd)
Our King to-come, whom both the Sun & Moone,
And all the Stars must serue and worship soone.
We, We base Hindes, borne but for Heards & Near,
Drudging all Day in the Suns scorching heat,
Lodging all Night in holes or hollow Trees,
Clad but in Lether, or in coursest Freeze,
And meanly fed with Bread and Water, most;
While He is set-*vp* with his Sod and Roast,
His Meffe of Goats-Milke, and his fill of Wine,
In change of Coates, pranked & painted fine;
Snoring all night vpon his ease-full bed,
Where, from the Forge of his phantastike head,
He feignes these *Dreames* in meer disdain of vs:
But, Brethren, shall we, shall we suffer thus
Him and his Scornings? Shall we be so blinde
T' indure him still, till growne a Man, his minde
Growne big withall, and bearing proud vpon
His Fathers fondnesse, He supplant anon
Our Haps and Hopes, vsurping All our due,
And so (in fine) fulfill his *Dreames* too-true?

O!

The Maidens Bluff.

O ! We are Buzzards, Blockheads, Cowards all,
Why rather heere, where none descry vs shall,
Where all things sort, where he is come so pat,
Shall we not kill him, and make sure for that ?
For, in this Pit we may him deepe interre,
And say (at home) some hungry Wolfe or Beare
(Whereof the Desarts, not far off, haue store)
Him quicke deuoured, and to peeces tore.

While these dire Counsels they together cast,
Rabens (who all, in yeeres and pittie, past)
Cry'd, G o d defend, & Brethren, G o d defend,
Against our Brother we should so offend :
O ! in his blood doe not your hands imbrue,
Lest Hea'ns drad Vengeance that dire fact pursue
On Vs and Ours. Though no man witnesse be,
G o d, G o d himselfe is witnesse, and doth see
And heare vs all : from him is nothing hid,
Hee's all an Eye that neuer closeth Lid.
But, if you needs will of the Lad be quit,
Save bloud or slaughter, put him in this pit,
There leaue him to his Fate. This he aduis'd ;
That, resku'd thus from present death deuic'd,
He, late at night returning to the Caue,
Might hale him vp, and th' harmles stripling saue,

B a

To

The Maidens Blush.

To bring him safe vnto his aged Sire,
And calme at length his Brethrens enuious Ire.

Their Elders Words them All a little mou'd,
And his aduice they all at once approu'd :
Him downe vnslaine, into the pit to slide,
His worse or better Fortune to abide.
Then *Ruben* said ; be Witnesse G o d for Me,
How cleere I am from this your Cruelty :
And as he spake, him from them far withdrew
Into the Woods, to wait what would ensue.

By this, was I O S E P H (full of liuely cheere
For hauing found them) euen arriv'd neere ;
When, fell and furious, they inclose him round,
Lay hands on him, his tender hands they bound,
With brauing Threats; Now shall you see (say they)
Your *Dreames* fulfill'd : Must not we all obey
Your Mightinesse ? Our *Sixanes* must stoop to you :
Yea, to your State, *Sunne*, *Moone*, and *Stars* must bow.

Wondring, and frighted with their vncouth guise,
In vaine (alas !) in vaine he calls and cries
To them for pittie of his Innocence ;
While inly Rage, with more Impatience
Still egg'd them on, with fell *Erynnis* brands :
And hellish *Pluto* (who too-ready stands,

Weening

The Maidens Blush.

Weening to crosse the *Destinies Divine*)
Doth all their Edge 'gainst him alone incline.

Whē he perceiu'd (poor Boy !) no vows, no teares
Could mollifie those stony hearts of Theirs
To hold their hands, already heaving him
With violence vnto the Dungeons brim ;
His Eyes list vp towards th' *Empyreall Pole*,
Thus, loud he groined from a greeued soule.

Great G o d of *Abraham, Isaac, Jacob*, too,
Who kenest all things, and canst all things doe ;
If I sincerely haue ador'd thee still :
If I haue gladly done my Parents Will :
If I haue lined pious and vpright ;
Lord looke vpon me in this wofull plight.
Or, if it please Thee, that I heere expire ;
Yet spare, o Lord, o spare mine aged Sire.
And, o ! my Brethren (whom, with due respect
Of Eldership, I euer did affect)
How-euer Me you pittie not, I pray
Pitty our Father (lest vntimely gray
His hoary head come to the graue for greefe)
Let not him heare it : rather say some Theefe,
Or knot of Theeues, Mee (by the way) bereft ;
That some false hope may of my life be left,

The Maidens Blash.

To lengthen his : though heere (alas !) I lye
Dead in these sands, and hid from any eye :
And as he spake, his Teares so fast did fall,
They stopt his speech, and almost staid-withall
His Brethrens rage ; till Ruth-lesse *Isachar*
Re-sand the fire. Nay, hauing gone thus farre,
We may not now, We cannot safe desist ;
For why ? whereon I need not now insist ;
Your selues (said he) can quickly ghesse, I trow,
Mischiefes enow, if now we let him goe.
Let vs therefore goe on as wee decreed,
Let's let him downe : Heereto they all agreed,
With heart and hand, and did it instantly;
And then Remorselesse, on the Grasse hard by
Made no more bones, but sate them down to dinner.
O ! the dull Conscience of a hardned sinner !

But, frō th' *Empyreall*, through th' *Æthereal* Pole,
God looking downe vpon the harmlesse Soule,
In tender Pity, and eternall Loue
Towards his Owne ; among the Troops (about)
Of winged Heralds, that are euer prest,
Expecting gladly his Diuine Behest ,
To one he beckens, and he bids him Thus ;
Right Trusty, hy thee, hy thee down from vs,
Toward

The Maidens Blasse.

Toward *Samaria*, well thou knowest where,
And whom thou know'st one day ordain'd to beare
A glorious Part, in honorable Place,
Good *Isaac's* Grand-Child, now in pitious case,
Crying for succour from a darke deepe Cell,
Against his Brethrens enuious Furie fell:
Goe comfort him, poore heart; but in what kinde,
I need not say. Thou seest: thou know'st my minde.

So, with his gracious All-directing Nod,
Th'Angel, dis-mist, in th' instant spreads abroad
Æthereall wings on his Aëreall sides,
And through the woundless Welkin swifter glides
Then *Zephyrus*; or, then (when mounted high
With many Turns, and rowring in the Skye)
The stout *Ger-Falcon* stoopeth at the *Herne*,
With sodaine Soule, that many scarce discern:
Such was the speed of this Celestiall Bird
(To prosecute, and execute the Word
Of his great Master) towards *Dorban* Downe,
Alighting first vpon *Mount Taber's* Crowne,
Amaz'd to see his Groues so sodaine greene,
And Lawnes so fresh, with flowery tufts betweene.
The Hill-born *Nymphs* with quauering warbles sing
His happy-*well-come*: *Caues & Rocks* do ring

The Maidens Blush.

Redoubled Ecchoes ; Woods and Winds withall,
Whisper about a ioyfull Madrigall.

But th' Heauenly Herald, frō the Mountain eying
The Vale about, sees there the Brethren lying
Along the Grasse, and busie at their Vittle,
And, from a Hill (thence distant but a little)
Th' *Arabian* Merchants with their Camels, hard
(As God would haue it) driuing thither-ward ;
Thence instantly he casts his gentle Eye,
On wofull I O S E P H, and immediately
Descending swift, stands on the dungeons brim,
Now shining bright with sodain light from him.
Wherewith the Lad at once dismaid and ioy'd,
The sacred Torch-man (to that end employd)
In louely Shape, with sweet and liuely grace,
Thus cheeres the Lad (himselfe a Lad in Face).

Feare not, deere I O S E P H, deere to God about
Thy Fathers G O D, who All doth guide & moue,
Hath sent me hither from his heauenly Throne,
To comfort and confirme thee, in thy Mone.
First, Hence thou shalt be fre'd : yet, behold,
Twise, as a Slave, thou shalt be bought and sold,
Transferr'd to *Memphis*, and for many a yeere
Shalt liue a Seruant and a Prisoner there.

But

The Maidens Blush.

But if thou still haue in abhomination
Strange Womens Loue, & strange gods adoration :
If still with all thy strength, with all thy heart
Thou serue the Lord, and from him neuer start :
If in his Waies thou walke, and doe his Will,
He will be with thee, for thee, in thee still:
So that where-ere thou goe, what-ere thou doe,
Fauour and Fortune shall attend thee too.
And that thou maist with greater confidence
Contemne thy wrongs, and trust his Prouidence,
Know for a certaine, he hath destin'd thee
A high Estate, and glorious Emperie ;
And time will come, when Thou with me shalt view
Thy former *Dreames* in euery part proue true ;
When as thy Brethren with selfe-guilty brow,
And thy good Father shall before thee bow :
When thy Compassion, paying good for ill,
Shall saue their liues that meant thee first to kill :
Shall feed their mouthes that thought thee once to
And buy the seats that sold thee forth to serue [steru,
And not alone receiue themselves to grace,
But them and theirs within thy Kingdome place ;
That grown at length in number like the sand,
Thence the Almighty with a mighty hand,

But

In

The Maidens Blush.

(In spight of *Ennir* and *Ambitious* way)
May bring the dry-ghod through the *Crimson Sea*,
Directed safe in all their vncouth Way,
By Fire by Night, and by a Clowd by Day;
Through the drye *Desart*, plentifully fed
With Quails fro Heauen, & *Manna* (Angels bread)
Into a Land where Milke and Hunny flowe;
The happy signe of happier substance though:
Where, in due Time (ô haste ye Times away)
A *Golden Age* shall see a *glorious Day*;
A Day full oft to be fore-typt, fore-told,
Fore-promised by Prophets manifold;
When from the Bosome of th' *Eternall SIRE*,
Th' *Eternall SONNE* (What may we So admire!)
(The *SPIRIT* s'reshadowing of a *Virgin-Mother*)
Shall take Man's Nature, & become your Brother;
Old *ADAM*'s Guilt, and Yours to expiate,
And wide re-open Heauens long-locked Gate.
Concluding heere, to Heau'n the Angell hy'd.
IOSEPH, though first distract & stupef'd,
With such a Glory (and confus'd a-space)
Him re-collects, and re-creates his Face;
Inlie reioycing, deeply rumining,
All in his minde manurely pondering.

And

The Maidens Blisse.

And future Hopes confirme him passing strong,
Gainst present feares, and all his Woes & Wrong;
That cheerefully thus, with heart and hands erect,
His holy Vowes he doth to Heauen direct:

Great King of Kings, that rulest All-abroad;
My Fathers, Grandfires, & Great-grandfires God;
Almighty Guide and Guard, still gracious be
To Vs and Ours, whose trust is all in Thee.
Especially, thy fauour, Lord I craue
Towards my Father, ready for the Graue:
And as for mee; how-euer please thee, deale
Me sowre or sweet; or send me Woe or Weale,
It shall be welcome, and I well content.
Onely decree Father, if that Death preuent
Mine eyes (vnworthy) of that wished Day,
That long long-hoped, happy *Holy-Day*:
When fro thy Throne (whose Glory hath no End)
Thine onely *Sonne* shall into *Flesh* descend,
At least vouchsafe me, though in shadow dim,
As in a Glasse to see and knowledge Him;
And (thorough Faith) to feele the *sauing Saviour*
Of this thrice-sacred, gracious, pretious *Lambe*.
So, with an inward and deep sigh, he ceast.

The while, *Arabians* (Merchants of the East)

With

The Maidens Blush.

With Camels loaden with their Country Ware,
Myrrhe, Storax, Incense, the most choyce and rare,
Comming from *Madian*, towards *Egypt* bound,
Were passing by, where on the grassie ground,
The Shepherd Brethren sate to eat and talke;
And busie yet, their Teeth and Tongues did walke,
Till on the sodaine they descry'd the Men.
Whence *Judah* thus begins: O Bretheren,
Behold how G o d doth better farre provide,
Then we could plot (more safe for eyther side).
For, to these Merchants if we sell the Lad,
First, a good peece of Money will be had;
Next, of our Brothers bloud we shall be cleere;
And last of all, be'sure no more to heare
Or newes, or noise, or name of I o s u p h here,
Whether to *Memph's* or *Marmarid's* they wend.
Therefore, forthwith one to them let vs send,
The Mart to offer, and the Price to make,
As of a Slave; and bring their answer backe.
They all agree, and one is sent away
To drive the Bargaine; while the rest a-fly
About a Tree-trunke fastning fit a rope,
And letting 't downe, to hale their Brother vp.
And vp he comes as fresh as Maying Rose,

.Or

The Maidens Bluffs.

Or Daffadill that in a Garden growes ;
As lively Forme as yerst, as lovely Face,
Shining with signes of Gods assisting Grace.

By this, the Marchants with their Broker came,
To see the Ware, and did so like the same,
They stood not hucking, of the price to bate
(So good, and so good cheap, who would not ha't !)
But, who would ween (*good God !*) that euer He,
That was pre-destin'd to such dignitie,
To whom such Wealth and Honor should befall,
Should thus be sold, and for a price so small ?
(Saue that my *Saviour*, Heire of Heauen & Earth,
That *God*-begotten, holy *Virgins* Birth,
Whom Angels serue, whom Cherubins adore,
To *Iewes* his *Indes* sold for little more ;
(Woe to His Soule, Woe to my Sinnes therefore !)
As, *Twenty Pence*. O base and cursed Thrall !

But, both sides pleas'd, *Ioseph* must suffer all.
Now must he mount on his new Masters packe,
Vpon his Camels double bunched backe ;
To trot to *Nile*-ward (*neuer* heard of *Nile*)
As proud and glad of such a Load, the while
His gentle Beast, now easiest of the Troop,
Aptest to stop, humblest at need to stoop

To

.Or

The Maidens Blush.

To this new Rider, with a cheerefull Neigh,
Lifts light his feet, and still he leads the way.

Well : Now the Brethren have their Brother rid,
How shall his Fate, how shall their Hate be hid ?
Who, to their Father the sad newes shall bring ?
This is the doubt : This they are hammering.
In fine, they jump ; first to send home his Coat
(For they had stript him) and in blood of Goar
Deepe dipping it, *Dan* is instructed fit
In this sad manner to deliuer it

To aged *Iacob*, doubting nothing lesse,
Than His mis-hap, or Their so Hatefulnesse.
Father (said *Dan*) ranging within a Wood,
Our Cur did find this Coat, thus stain'd with blood.
Not knowing therefore, whence, nor whose it is,
Nor how it came, we thought it not amiss
To shew 't you first; and after harken further,
As you thinke fit, in case of Maime, or Murder.
But, Father *Iacob* had no sooner spy'd
The spotted Coat, with blood and durt bedy'd,
But, drown'd in Teares, he teares his hoary haire,
With Ashes sprent, and rent his garments there,
And cries, Alas ! deere *Ioseph*, staffe & stay
Of all mine Age, so sodaine tane away!

O!

The Maidens Bluff.

O ! O ! My Sonne, Who? How? What did befall,
To murder Thee, to murder Me withall ?
Doubtles, no Man: some sauage Beast it was,
Some hungry Boare, some hairie Beare, alas !
Where are your Brethren ? Quickly all of you,
Through all the Woods, go take a thorow view:
You may perhaps at last yet light on him,
Or finde at least some Part, some mangled Lim,
Some wofull Relique, which I pray bring home,
That I may gree it his last Rites, a Tombe:
Or rather, let me goe my selfe to seeke,
And finde my dead Sonne, or a Death, his Like:
And saying so, downe in a swoone he slid,
With much a-doo to be recouered.

On th' other side, sad *Ruben* towards night,
When th' Euening Star began to twinkle bright,
When Sheep & Shepherds to their Cotes were gone
All but himselfe, himselfe comes all alone
Vnto the Caue, and calling twice or thrice,
Why ! *Ioseph, Ioseph* ; when as none replies,
Dismaide, and doubting, lest in their disdain,
His Brethren there the silly Lad had slaine ;
He makes a shift to cut a Holmen Pole,
And by that help, gets downe into the Hole,

Lookes

The Maidens Bluff.

Lookes round about; but finding nothing there,
Gets vp againe, as full of greefe and feare.
Then, hopeles, leaues that search to seek the others;
And by the Sheeps tracke, tracking of his Brothers,
Soone findes them out; and out of them will know
Both how, and where, they I O S E P H did bestow.
They tell him truly how it did befall.

A little eas'd (though little pleas'd withall)
To heare the Lad was yet aliue and safe,
(Though for his thraldome he did inly chafe)
He thus aduises: Brethren, let vs hie
Home to our Father, and our best apply
To comfort him; Let vs informe him this,
That the *Arabians* (as their manner is)
Sryng the Lad alone vpon the Way,
Pursu'd him, tooke him, stole him quite away;
And while he struggled from them to haue got,
With a light hurt he bloudied all his Coare.
Which let some Shepheards boy or other bring
(As hauing found it) to auer the thung:
For there be many can affirme (no doubt)
They lately saw *Arabians* heere-about.

This fitted thus, together home they goe,
And doe their best to cheere their Fathers woe.

But

The Maidens Blush.

But though perhaps with some smal hope relieu'd,
Perpetually (alas!) he mourn'd and grieu'd,
Nor could the Torrent of his Teares retaine,
Nor outward Solace inly entertaine;
But day and night a bitter life he led,
Mostly alone, although aliv, as dead.

Meane-while, the Marchant well content & glad,
Holds on his Journey, beares away the Lad;
Wondring to see all things so sure his will,
Weather so temp'rate, and the Windes so still,
The Waies so dust-lesse, and so durt-lesse faire,
The Sunne so friendly, and so fresh the Aire;
About their Wont: for, having Heaven to friend,
With I O S E P H, *Graces*, *Hope*, and *Hap* do wend.

Now, having past *Judas*'s confines quite,
From a steepe Hill, they have anon the sight
Of stately *Memphis* lofty Towres and Walls,
With glittering roofes of high & sumptuous Halls
Amid a rich and pleasant Plaine, repleat
With goodly Heards of Cattell, Sheep, and Near,
With goodly Corne-fields, heere & there between:
And, neere the Citie, on a spacious Greene,
They might behold, as in some Martiall Muster,
Thousands of Youth in severall Troops to cluster;

C

Atten.

The Maidens Bluff.

Attending all, Some, manly Exercise;
Some, light and speedy, running for a prize:
Some, strongly actiue, wrastling for a fall,
Some, hurling Sledges, till they sweat withall:
Some, on swift Horse-backe to out-swim the winde;
Some, to shoot backward at their foes behind:
Some with their Launces ready coucht in Rest,
Wheeling about, to charge in Flanke or Brest:
Some, at the Tilt, in strong and steddye course,
To breake their Staues, or beare down man & horse.
Whercon th' *Arabians*, with th' *Isaacian* Lad,
(Now very neer) stood gazing, as right glad,
And all most greedy of so various sorts
Of Manly Poems, of so warlike sports.

An *Eunuch* of the Kings, one much esteem'd,
And Master of those Martiall Games (it seem'd)
Seeing those Strangers, with so much delight
Stand still so long in viewing all the Sight,
Sends to inuite them kindly to come neere;
And then perceiuing that they Marchants were,
Began to aske, What Ware, what rare deuce,
They had to sell? Nothing, said they, but Spice,
And this yong Lad; Whom if Your Lordship like,
Accept as Yours, and freely, we beseeke:

Or,

The Maidens Blush.

Or, if you will accept him *gratis*, prize
As please your selfe; your fauour shall suffice.

Yes, said the *Eunuch*, I accept your Loue,
And of Your Present I so well approue,
And prize it so, You could not bring me better :
The more my hope, the more am I your debter,
Such grace his Face presageth to my minde ;
So shall you neuer me vngratefull finde,
Said *Potiphar* : and then he takes the Lad,
And causing him to be right seemely clad,
In Silken suit, giues him a Liuary
Of Purple, garded with Embroderie.

Then on a goodly Horse he sets him vp,
The stillest, yet the stateliest in the troope.

I O S E P H right ioyfull, from a bashfull Brow,
Returnes dumbe *Homage*, with a gracefull Bow
Vnto his Lord: then, re-crect, appears
Taller and trimmer then were all his Peeres.
Him, home before (thus furnisht) with a Guide,
Sends *Potiphar* vnto his louely Bride.

Now *Hesperus* the Euening on did bring ;
When, leauing Fields, the youthfull troops do ring
About their Captaine, & attend, in State
To guard him home triumphant to his Gate.

The Maidens Bluff.

And lovely I O S E P H, hauing had by this
A view of his faire *Lady-Mistresse*;
And of his Office, tutored at large,
What him belond in his *Lords Chamber-charge*,
Him humbly ranked (of his owne accord)
Among his fellowes to goe meete his Lord.

As burnisht Gold amid a heape of Sand,
Or Orient Pearle among the Pebble Strand,
Such seemed He, among tenne thousand Squires,
Whom Men and Matrones, yong and old admires:
His pafe so graue, his Face so gracious,
His eyes and Feet still so officious
About his Lord, as fixed still on Him,
With steddie Looks, and with as ready Limbe:
No lesse within dores then he was without,
Active and apt in all he went about;
On all occasions, in what-euer kinde,
Of Bodie's Labor, or of Birth of Minde.
But aboue all, his faithfull diligence,
And mature Wisdome in all Managements,
So well accepted and admired are,
That not alone vnto his Trustie Care
His Lord committed what before he had;
But, ouer All, him onely *Steward* made.

The Maidens Bluff.

For, *Poriphar* perceim'd that vnder Him,
What-ere he had did thrive and prosper him :
His Fields and Flocks more fruitfull then before ;
His Favours greater, and his Honours more :
All which, inspired by some secret Test,
To his yong *I o s e p h* he ascrib'd, as Blest.
And th' *Oracles of Egypt*, then a-foot,
Seem'd euen to point at, and perswade vnto 'r.

There was a *Peach-Tree* growing then amid
God Camosh Temple, to him consecrated,
Which, brought from *Persia* long agoe, they say,
When *His* yerst did all the World suruay,
By her owne hand was planted, for Posterity,
To be a famous Monument of Verity.
Heereon, arriuing from farre wanderings,
Bright-shining *Apis*, with change-colour'd wings,
Faure *Apis* settled ; after whom did muster
A mighty Swarme, which hung all in a Cluster
Vpon one Bough. This wonder blowne abroad
Among the *Bards*, they vouch that it did boad,
Some Stranger should from forreign parts arriue ;
And after him, a mighty people hyue,
Through whom the house of *Poriphar* should rise
To wondrous Wealth and goodly dignities.

The Maidens Blush.

Weening therefore these *Augurs* all fulfilld
In I O S E P H now, him euery one well-will'd,
Him euery one accordingly respected,
Him euery one for this the more affected.

But faire *Tempsar* (wife of *Poriphar*)
About the rest, his Parts did high prefer:
Him more then All thet inlie did admire,
And still beholds him with a young desire.
Yet, ignorant what furie would ensue
The pleasing Passion she did so pursue:
What wily *Godling* to beguile her, sought
To snare her freedome in a seruile thought;
As yet she vented neyther Sigh nor Teare:
All yet was sweet, no bitter Fit, no Feare.

Which th' enuious Prince of *Stryx* and *Acheron*,
Malignant Father of confusion,
Mans deadly Foe, obseruing; and beside,
That *Isaac's* seed still happy multiplied:
In fell despight, and full of desp'rare rage,
He calls a bird of his infernall Cage,
A cruell Harpy, full of wicked Wile,
A thousand waies, the wisest to beguile.
Go, hyc, saith He, my darling, hyc thee quicke
To faire *Tempsar*; she is *Phaulsie-ficke*

Already

The Maidens Bluff.

Already. Therefore so insinuate,
That more and more thou her intoxicate :
Breath in her bosome, blowe-in new infection,
Kindle the Tinder of her light affection
To such a flame, that neither Gods nor men
May be of Power to put it out agen :
And, doe thy best (for that I most desire)
If possible, set I O S E P H (too) a fire :
But, if on him, thou nothing canst preuaile,
Returne to her, her Phantisie re-assaile,
Fill her with Phrenzie, and with Furie double
Still burne her fell, till all her Friends she trouble :
Till with disgrace, disdain'd, and desperate,
She turne her deere Loue to as deadly Hate :
Till then, desist not ; but persist and ply
To play thy Part with Art and Subtilty.

He, glad and ready for the worst of Ills,
With *Strygon* puddle halfe a Viall fills,
Blending some bitter, sharp-sweet wine withall :
Then snatching quicke one of the snakes that craule
About *Alceto's* grim and ghastly Browes,
Away he hies to *Potiphar* his House,
Within his bosome hiding what he had,
And formally rust in the Form him clad

The Maidens Blush.

Of *Iphicle*, the Lady *Impsars* Nurse ;
With better credit, to beguile the worse.
Then, to her Lady hauing made a ducke,
Sweet Madame (said she, fie on all ill lucke)
What sad disaster, what misfortune rise,
Hath made poore I O S E P H weary of his Life ?
My selfe, of late, haue scene him oft , forlorne
Sit sole and sighing, and haue heard him mourne,
Withing for Death. And when I sought to know
The secret cause of his exceeding woe :
O ! Mother (said he) whether I conceale it ,
Needs dye I must, or whether I reueale it.
Inquire not therefore ; for, tis better end,
With my sad life, my sorrowe's cause vnkend.

Not so, my Sonne (said I) for oft a Wound
Discouer'd, is reouer'd, and made sound ;
Which, hid a while, would gangrene to the bone :
Tell boldly (Lad) art thou in loue with none ?
If that be cause of thy distresse ; Why Boy
Be of good cheere, Thou shalt thy Deare enioy.
Hope well, and haue well : So shalt thou ; or else
I'll charme *Loues Passion* with some stronger spels.

With bashfull Blush, then said he, yes, I loue :
Be witnesse, *Gods*, how earnest I haue stroue

The Maidens Blasse.

To strangle it ! How I haue labour'd long !
How loth (alas !) my Lord in thought to wrong !
More wishing Death : Death now make good my
Happy were I, to liue and dye so loyall. (triall,

And, saying so, on his faire Checkes hee powres
A Sea of Teares, in Pearle and CrySTALL showres :
So that, I see, without quicke Remedie,
For loue of you (*Madame*) the Youth will dye.

Alas ! then said the Lady, Woe is me,
For his Misfortune and his Misericie ;
To me right tragicke is the tale you tell:
For, truth to say, I loue him but too well,
And would enioy him, if I could or durst ;
But ô ! I cannot, ô, I may not : first,
For sacred Lawes, for *Hymen's* secret yoake,
(Which neuer any yet, vnpunish'd, broke)
For feare of danger, and dishonors brand,
And dreadfull vengeance of my Husbands hand.

Why, my deere Daughter, damned Nurse replies,
The Gods doe laugh at Louers iniuries :
And with thy Wedlocke thou maist well dispense,
On so good ground of so great consequence,
As is the sauing of a Life so yong,
So innocent, that neuer yet did wrong ;

Vnlesse

The Maidens Blush.

Vnlesse it be a wrong to loue too much,
Or die for Loue (Who would not die for such !)
Louers must dare, and wise-men must not dread
The worst of Dangers that is threatened :
For, even the *Gods* haue Louers in their gard,
And *Loue* and *Pitty* they will still reward.
I haue a *Waters* of a soueraine vse
(Th' extracted Spirit of many a *Chymick Iuyce*)
Which inlie ta'n, in a perplexed Case,
Expells the Doubt, and shews *Truth's* naked Face;
That, far from *ambage*, th' vndistract affection
May of the better freely make election.
If therefore, *Madam*, yet you stand diuided,
What Part to take ; to haue your doubts decided,
I'le giue it you : and as she spake, she gaue
The hellish *philtre* made of *Strygian* waue.

Thanks, deere Mother, said her Ladiship,
And taking all, not with a fearefull sip,
But full Carouse, lifting her hand on high,
Quaft off the poyson, drew the goblet drye.

This done, the *Demon* with a Beldams face,
Towards *Iosephs* chamber hies with hobbling pace ;
Where he was praying, and deuoutly praying
The God of Gods, for his so gracious raising :

But

The Maidens Bluff.

But when the false Fiend in his Portall spide
A heavenly Warder (both his Guard and Guide)
With threatfull brandish of a shining Blade,
More speed the good, headlong he downward made
In dreadfull Maze; and, as the foulest Fowle,
Transformes him quicke into a *Screeching-Owle*,
Night's horrid Monster, howering long aloofe,
At last pearcht on *Tempers* Chamber roofe.

The wretched *Imps*, hauing quaffed vp
The brim and bottome of the *Stygian* Cup,
Now all alone, she feeles her all a-fire,
Blood, Bones, and Marrow, burning in desire;
Sad, silent, sighing, in a wondrous Fit;
And all for *Ioseph*, nigh beside her wit,
Now on her bed she falls, and by and by
Flings vp againe; and to and fro doth fly
From place to place; soone weary of the best,
Runs euery where, and no where findeth rest;
Like one whose brest a burning Feuer fryes,
Or whom some Serpents sting doth agonize.
At last she breakes out; and Alas! quoth Shee,
What, what is this that thus tormenteth me?
O! is it Loue? or was it not the Drinke
I tooke right now? No: it is Loue I thinke,

The Maidens Blush.

'Tis surely Love, Love in extremitie,
And but faire I O S E P H gently helpe, I dye.
Then help, Sweet-heart, come, be thou boldly mine:
Come be my Love, and I will still be thine.
Both living loving, wee 'll die guiltlesse both
Of cythers blood: be witnessse Gods how loth
I would incur so fell, so foule a staine,
To kill such Lover with vnkinde disdaine.
Duly and truly, while I ought and could,
I served *Hymen*, till (alas!) contrould
By higher Godheads more Imperiall Right:
He fauour me, as now I feele his might
Farre, farre exceed weake Womans opposition.
He will no doubt; and daine vs both Tution.
Sith wont, himselfe, to loue, he as a Louer
Will pity Passions, and our pleasures couer.
Thus hauing said, impatient of delay,
Efron she calls (*Efron* a Maid, that aye
Vnd, as most trusty, diligent and charie,
Her Mistresse Errands to and fro to carry)
Goe quickly *Efron*, seeke me I O S E P H out,
And if the businesse he is now about
Be not too earnest, and too instant too,
But what he may as well heereafter doe,

Bid

The Maidens Blush.

Did him forth-with to come and speake with Mee.

Wingd with her words, about it straight runs she:
And, after summons, I O S E P H comes anon
Vp to his *Lady*; who then all alone,
First with a Blush, and bashfull glanse among,
From quivering bosome, with a shiuering tongue,
Thus breakes the Ice (stil bidding him come neerer)
Deare, my deare *Ioseph*, then mine own Eyes dearer.
Shall I intreat thee, what I might command,
To answer truly what I shall demand?

Madame, said he, Should I be false to you?
What ere it be, I sweare to tell you true.

I heare (quoth she) that thou art deepe in Loue:
If it be true (thou must thy Truth approue)
Thou maist not hide it; though my selfe were she,
For whom thou sufferest, thou must tell it me:
Confesse it freely: and I must confesse
As much to Thee; for, Thee I loue no lesse:
So, louing Both, we shall haue mutuall Fwell,
Nor Thou to Mee, nor I to Thee be cruell:
Ioyne hands, ioyne hearts, how happy manifold!
How great! how grac's! how will I heap thee gold,
Thus she protests, and with a sodaine kisse
Vpon his Lips she seales her Promises.

He

The Maidens Blush.

He, red for shame, selfe-sadly ruminates
His Heauenly Angels sacred *Cameats*
Against Temptations and Attempts vniust, ..
Of Idoles seruice, and vnlawfull Lust :
Internall praying for supernall Strength,
In modest manner Thus replies at length :

Madame, what euer of my Loue you heare,
How-euer seruent, or how deeply-deere ;
If you haue heard it, as (perhaps) impure,
Vnchaste, vn honest Loue ; I you assure
None loue I so ; nor wish I (I protest)
So to be lov'd : and of my Lady, least.
My Lord, you know, hath nothing from me kept,
I all command, onely your selfe except :
And shall I then, disloyall, Traitor proue
Vnto my Lord ; and to My *God* about ?
No, *God* forbid : No, rather let me dye ;
And in the sands vnburi'd euer lye ,
A prey to Birds and Beasts : and as he spake,
She and her Chamber did he quick forsake

Shee, seeing then her Hopes so sodaine dashr,
Her selfe deluded ; as with Lightning flasht,
Stands first a while mouelcse, amaz'd and mute ;
Then grindes a Groan, and many sighes pursue't :

Then

The Maidens Bluff,

Then wrings her hands, falls backward on her bed,
Distract in minde, her colour pale and dead.

All which obserued by that *Dimell-Owle*,
Vpon the Roofe, he putteth off the Fowle,
And re-puts-on Nurse *Iphicle* a space,
To visit *Iemifar* in so pitious Case.
Alas! quoth she, What ailes my Lady deere?
My tender Nursling, What hath hapned heere?
Why are you daunted and dejected so?
Be of good Cheere; be of good Comfort: Lo,
I, I am heere; looke on me, looke, my Lamb,
Your helpe at need, your louing Nurse I am.

At name of Nurse, her somewhat she erects,
And with these Taunts a frowning glance reflects:
Nurse, once a Nurse, or Mother more then Nurse,
But now a Step-dam, or some Furie worse. (me,
Thou, thou hast kill'd mee, thou hast quite vndone
Thou toldst me *Ioseph* was enamoured on me,
Deep, to the Death; & when I come to proue him,
Alas! he loues not, nor will let me loue him:
Nay, Prayers, Proffers, Presents cannot moue him
Thou, thou hast made me make my selfe a mocke;
To shame my Name, to staine my House & Stocke,
To wrong my Lord, to breake my Faith, to fall;

Thou

The Maidens Blush.

Thou wert the Author, thou the cause of all.
What wanteth more, but with a murderous blade,
This guilty Soule to send to endlesse shade ?

False *Iphicle* doth her as sharpe reprove ;
Ah, foolish woman, vnexpert in Loue :
What wonder was it, if a bashfull boy,
Vntraine'd, vntoucht (as Virgin) first were coy
To heare of Loue, a Nowice, yet a Stranger,
Doubtfull of you, perhaps ; fearefull of danger.
'Twas not the course : you haue miscarried it.
Then be not hartlesse, neither hopelesse yet,
For I will once more vndertake the matter,
Ile chide his rudenesse, and instruct him better
How to behaue him : Haue you Patience
But for three daies, and on the fourth from hence
Will reigne a gracious Starre, whose milde Aspect
On Loue and Louers gently doth reflect ;
Vnder whose Radiance, in Coniunction sweet,
Hymen and *Cupid* in one instant meet.

With these her Words *Iempsar*, part re-circard,
Her sinking heart againe a little rear'd :
Then Goe, said she, the Gods grant better speed:
And that we may the better now succeed,
We will the while the sacred powers implore,

Frequent

The Maidens Blush.

Frequent their Altars, and their Shrines adore.

Next morning therefore, by what time the Sun
With glittering Rayes had gilt the Horizon,
Jemifar decks her, goodly to behold,
In Scarlet, set with Jewels and with Gold
(But much more goodly for her lovely grace,
And native Beauties of her Forme and Face)
And to the Temple with a Traine she tends,
Of Matrons, Maidens, Servants, Neighbors, Friends

Among the rest, the Steward also went,
Faire-featur'd *Iosaph*, with his Eyes downe bent,
As inlie plying with a griefe vnshowne,
His Ladies Passions as he did his owne:
For, he suppos'd her gait to Church had bin
To seeke for Mercy, and forsake her sinne:
But, nothing lesse; Shee all the gods requires,
To friend her loue, and further her desires:
And so the next day, and the next ensuing,
And every day still greater Gifts renewing,
The reaking Entrailes of her Offerings viewing.
But, when the fourth, long-wished, wel-come day
Titan gan burnish with his burning Ray,
Haile happy day (said shee) haile holy Lights,
That fauours Louers, and that loue delights:

D

And

The Maidens Blush.

And by your power and gracious Influence,
Preferue the Worlds perpetuall Increments.
And then she sends for the beloued Lad :
Who, selfely good, suspecting nothing bad,
Supposing now his Mistresse minde reclaim'd,
At least from daring what before she aim'd,
Comes instantly : Shee, by the Nurse seduc't ,
Presuming All to her content conduc't ;
No sooner spies him, but she springs for haste,
About his necke her Iuory Armes she cast :
Shee holds him, hugs him ; saying, Welcome Mine,
Mine, Mine thou art, and I am onely Thine :
Then, Why delay we ? Why defer wee thus
Our ioynt delights, sith none can hinder vs ?
Why burn we Day-light ? Hence with Fear & Sloth.
Let's mix our Loues. This Bed will serue vs Both:
She leapes vpon 't, and like a Nay-lesse Wooer,
Holding his Cloake, she puls him hard vnto her.

The goodly Youth, as beautifull as blamelesse,
Amaz'd, asham'd, to see his Lady shamelesse,
Roplyes, Alas ! (Thus sharpe reproving her)
Late Noble Wife of Noble *Periphar* ,
What mood ? what madnes hath obdur'd your mind,
To dare these Pranks, vncomely and vnkinde ?

To

The Maidens Blush.

To shame your Selfe, your Sex, your House, your
To wrong my Lord, and me vnfortunate? (Stare,
These are the fruits of Base-full Idlenesse,
Of wanton Pride, of wastfull Pampridnesse;
From whence the Fiends (our foes) aduantage cull,
To kill our Soules, and fill our Sins-sacke full:
For, 'tis not *Spheer*, your Nurse, your Friend,
As you suppose: no, 'tis a hellish Friend,
A Hag, a Furie sent from Sulphury *Stryx*,
That thus deludes you with deceits and tricks:
Shee dar'd, and did attempt to tempt me too;
But, God forbid: she me no hurt could doe.
I saw her shrinking out, as I came in:
I know the fained forme she masketh in:
I feele the Sulphury fume, the filthy Sene
She left behinde her, when away she went.

He hauing spoken; from behinde the dore,
The suble Fury (lurking there before)
With sodaine rafh dad crush the posts in sunder;
And comming in, fills all with feare and wonder;
When ghastly squinting, griezly, Thus she spake
With hellish voyce: Indeed you doe misse-take.
False, *Spheer* I am not: I am one
Of th' Odious Sisters, sent from *Acheron*,

The Maidens Bluff.

I'll make you prone it now : then forth she drew
A poysonous Snake, and it at I o s a p u threw :
But, th' Heauenly Warder still repeld it back,
And all th' endeuours frustrate still did make :
Vnable therefore Him to hurt at all,
Towards Iemysar doth it softly crawl,
With Slippery windings, wrigling to and fro :
Into her skirts at length it twineth so,
That vp it creepes, and quicke into her gets,
Gnawes all her bowells, and despitefull spets
His hellish poyson in her inmost heart.

The Lad, thus frighted, quick away did start,
To his owne Chamber ; and perplex in munde,
Forgetfull he had left his cloake behinde.

Seeing him fled, and feeling in her wombe
The fretting Vpome; wholly overcome,
In ragefull fury, sodainely she falls,
And, *Help, Help, Help*, with a loud Cry she calls,
So loud and shrill, that all the Court it heard,
And all the house, and neighbours neere it scar'd;
As if within had bene some sodaine fire
Which instantly would to the rooffe aspire.
Help, Women, Help, quickt, quickly. O! the Slave,
The Iew, the Rascall, the yong Hebrew knaue, *S*
Euen

The Maidens Blush.

Euen now (O Gods!) finding me heere alone,
(O the bold Villaine ! Hath the like been known?)
Dar'd t'haue defil'd great *Poriphar* his Bed ;
And, but my Nurse me timely rescued,
Had rauish'd me (O, horrid thing to thinke !)
But hearing Helpe, away the Slaue did flinke,
And left, for haste, his Cloak behind him heere.
With Hue and Crye, pursue him far and neere,
Lay hold on him, and lay him fast in Hold ;
And let my Lord of his Abuse be told.

Thus fell *Simpser* her complaint prefers.
All which, and more, false *Iphicle* auers,
And aggrauates, adiu'dging him exempt
From pitie, fit to hang for such attempt
So insolent, so impudent ; and whets
The hearers hearts. Then close away she gets,
Vnscene, and *Owl-like* in a Clowd inuolv'd,
Her borrow'd Body into Aire dissolv'd ;
Descending swift from whence she came, to tell
Her good-ill seruice, and successe, in Hell.

Poore *I o s a p n* then his fellowes felly seaze ;
And, hasty, hurry him towards Little-Ease :
Faine would he speake, but none would hear a word ;
None, none at all, and least of all his Lord ,

D 3

Whom

The Maidens Blush.

Whom the Report already had incens'd;
Yet not with Death to haue him recompenc'd:
But, in a Dungeon (worſe then Death) to dwell,
For worſt Offenders the moſt loathſome Cell;
There, kept Cloſe-Prisoner, to be barely fed
With puddle-water, and with Barly-bread.

But, better kept by his ſupernall Keeper
(Yet, more his dear, the more their woes be deeper)
A winged Watch-man ſhining heavenly bright,
Is ſent to IOSEPH (when the firſt ſad Night
With ſable Courtin had beclouded all)
Who entring (through the Wicket and the Wall)
Into the Priſon, with a new-come Ray
Lightning the dungeon, driving Night away,
With ſpirituall Comforts, and with ſpeeches kinde,
Cancels his feares, and well confirms his minde.

This, from a Tower th' Egyptian Keeper ſpy'd:
Some God, ſome God is in the Light, he cry'd.
I know, ſuch Splendor, and the ſpeech I heard,
If it be God, it muſt be needs inferd
This Lad is guiltleſſe of the crime pretended.
For, Innocents juſt LOVE hath aye defended.
Thenceforth, to IOSEPH bare he great reſpect,
A kinde of Reuerence, with a kinde Affect;

Tooke

The Maidens Blasts.

Tooke off the Irons from his hands and feete ;
Fed, lodg'd him better, made his prison sweet ;
Visits him oft, intreats him friendly faire,
With louing Comforts ; lets him take the Aire.

Now, twice foure Roundels *Pharbo* had compleat,
When, on suspicion of some treacherous feat
Of poys'ning *Pharao's* Bread (as went the Fame)
Two were committed from the Court (by name,
The Kings chiefe Baker, and chiefe Butler, too)
To the same Gaile where *I o s e p h* hath to doe.
For, now his Keeper trusted him so deepe,
He made him Keeper, and of nought took keepe.

In short time after, Eyther, in one night
Dreamed a Dream ; whence the next morrow light
Pain'd and perplexed, what they might portend,
Too sadly serious seem'd they to perpend.
Which *I o s e p h* noting : Gentlemen, I pray,
How hap (quoth he) you are so sad to day.

To-night (sayd they) we dreamed each a Dreame,
But none we finde that can interpret them :
And that's our trouble. Can you tell them me ?
Come, let me heare them, if you can, quoth he ;
It may please God we may haue sight therein.
Right gladly, said the Butler, I'll begin.

The Maidens Blush.

Me thought I saw a greene and goodly Vine,
With three faire Branches, budding, blowing fine,
Then flowring fresh, then swelling Clusters blush,
Whose spumy Iuyce in *Pharao's* cup I crush,
Which with my hand into his hand I raught,
Whereof the King tooke-in his wonted Draught.

Then, thus the Lad: I'll tel' your Dreams Portent.
First, by that goodly Vine your Life is Meant;
The Buds, Flowers, Fruits, be fruits your selfe haue
Your Seruices, your Vertues here-tofore, (bore,
Which shall be guerdon'd, you restor'd to grace;
The three faire Branches are but three dayes space,
When in your wonted manner you shall bring
The wonted Cup vnto your Lord the King.
Then, when with *Pharaoh* you shall gracious be
(If I be worthy) but remember me,
And that vnworthy I am heere detain'd.

The Baker, hearing This thus right explain'd,
Said, let me also, if you please, I pray,
Report my Vision; and your Verdict say.
Me thought I had three Baskets on my head,
Two full of Flower, the third of finest Bread,
Made with most Art and Cunning that I might;
But, all anon the Birds deuoured quite.

Then

The Maidens Blasp.

Then said the good Interpre'r: Things to come
Are knowne to G o d ; Men often faile in some :
Yet, what I ghesse and gather of this matter,
I'll tell you true: I cannot, may not, flatter.

That which you saw the Baskets filled with,
Of diuers kindes, your Life betokeneth :
The Flower your former, simple and sincere ;
The Bread, your later, compound (as it were)
Of all deceipts, Theft, Plotting, Poysoning,
Treason, and all discouer'd to the King ;
Who, for reward of these fowle Crimes, by Law
Will hang you vp : and then the Birds you saw ,
Rav'ns, Vultures, Eagles, Kites & barren Crows,
Shall eat your Carcase, peck your Eyes and Nose.
Within three daies, your Baskets number notes :
Yet I may erre, and you may change your Lots.
For, God doth change, when Men do change frō ill,
His mediate Worke, not his immediate Will.

This past, their Parts both diuers pondering,
On the third day came Warrant from the King,
To cleare and to declare the Butler Quit ,
And hang the Baker, at first sight of it.

Accordingly, from Prison both are brought ;
But, to a diuers End, with diuers thought :

Th' one

The Maidens Blush.

Th' one with reproach, th' other with good report ;
Th' one to the Cart, the other to the Court ;
Th' one to the Gallows, th' other to be grac't
Of Prince and Peeres, and in his roome re-plac't ;
With Caps and Claps, with cheerful shouts & songs
Wellcom'd, rewarded, honor'd for his wrongs.

Thrice through the *Zodiak* had *Hyperian* pranc't,
And fourthly now his fiery Teeme aduanc't,
When quiet stretcht vpon his Iuory bed,
In sweetest sleepe, well toward Morning-sted,
To mighty *Pharao* the Almighty sent
A double *Dream*, of so deepe Consequent,
That wondring much, the King awoke withall,
Conceiuing it some high *Prognosticall*.

Wherefore, forth-with he summons farre & wide,
Through *Aegypt* and *Chaldæa*, from each side,
All that had knowledge in *Astrologie*,
Cunning in Spels, or Skill in Prophecie,
Or could fore-tell by Magick from below ;
Or from about, by Oracles fore-show ;
Or by in-sight of Sacrificed Heards ;
By Fire, by Water, or by Flight of Birds,
Or by their Songs ; by Sand, by *Geomancy* ;
Or by what-euer *Heathen* Feat or Phantisie.

Then

The Maids Blash.

Then swarm'd the Court with Sages of all sorts,
Of diuers habits, and of diuers ports.

Some on their Heads wore Hornes, hairy & horrid,
Som with thick Turbands did surrou'd their forehead,
Some with high Miters, some with trayling whoods,
Some with rich Garlands, set with precious Studs;
But, broad long-bearded all, adown their Chinne,
With sad aspect, and of a fallow skinne.

Whom when before him *Pharaoh* had admitted,
He tells his *Dreames*, first; then (as him besittred)
Propoundeth Honors and rich Recompence
To whom-soeuer shall expound the sense,
And sets them dayes, & nights, & times, & houres,
To bring their Answer: But (beyond their powers)
Dayes, Nights, Times, Hours, they break, none doth appeare
T' expaine the *Dream*, or the Kings doubt to cleare:
Neyther their Spheres, Spels, Circles, Sorceries,
Birds, Beards, nor Miters, could decypher This.
Angry therefore, and thenceforth grievuing deepe,
The King would hear none, but did priuate keepe.

The *Busler* then remembering (at the last)
During his Durance what before had past,
(Which hitherto, as Courtiers, yet, for most,
Good Turnes receiv'd, he had forgot, or crost.)

Fell

The Maidens Blasp.

How truly I o s e p h by their Dreames did tell,
What to the Baker and himselfe befell;
Fell on his knees, and cryes vnto the King,
Pardon, My Liege, my stolid lingering,
To tell your Highnesse, in this manner mou'd,
What (late) in prison I both saw and prou'd.

Your Maiesty (no doubt) remembers yet,
Your Baker and my selfe you did commit (found
To your High Marshalls Tower; where then wee
An Hebrew Youth, a Prisoner (on false ground,
As may be ghest) late Page to *Porphan*.

Both growne in time with him familiar,
Both of vs dreamed in one very night;
Both of our Dreames to Him we did recite;
Both he expounded; and both did succceed
To both of vs, as he of both did reed.

To me, said he, Thou shalt in three daies space,
Returne to Court, recouer Place and Grace:
But, to the Baker; Thou (said he) that day
Shalt be hangd vp, for rauening Birds a Prey,
Vnlesse thy faults thou canst so quicke repent,
That change of life thy threatned death preuent:
(For, God doth chage, when men do change fro Ill,
His mediate Worke, not his immediate Will.)

All

The Maidens Blasse.

All which, for True, before your Eyes is cleere ;
The Baker hangd : and I your Butler, heere.
Vpon my Life, my Lord, your hidden Dreame
That Lad will read : he hath some Spirit supream.

Herewith the King re-cheerd, and inly glad,
Commands him straight, Go, quickly fetch the Lad,
And in Our Name him instantly inlarge.

Forthwith he hies him to performe his charge ;
Gets forth the Prisoner, shifts him, suits him prest,
Of his owne cost, and hath him barb'd and drest ;
And then conducts him, bawfull, to the King ;
Who well beholds the Lad, likes every thing ;
Then questions thus : They tell me, Youth, that you
Interpret Dreames ; now, tell me, Tell they true ?

My gracious Lord, said I o s s p u, God alone
Immediately knows Dreames ; and other none,
Save onely such to whom that sacred Gift
Th' Almighty daignes : I may my Prayer list
Vnto my G o d for you, my Lord, and shall :
It may be, He will grant this grace withall.
For, ay with speciall care he guides the things,
That long to Kings ; as onely King of Kings.
A while then inly did he meditate :
Then, prayes the King his Visions to relate.

Me

The Maidens Blush.

Me thought, said *Pharaoh*, by *Niles* banke I stood,
And sodainely from out the siluer Flood,
Came seauen faire Kine, which ranging far & wide,
Fed in the Meades along the Rivers side,
On Oxe-lips, Cowes-lips, Trifole and the rest,
Which for the Altar far our Beasts the best.

Scarfe had I turn'd mine eye, when on the shore,
Me-thought in th' instant came vp 7. Kine more,
With staring haire, too-weake to stand alone,
Ill-fauoured, lanke, and leane, bare skin & bone;
As poorly fed, With Holly, Broome, and Heath,
Anatomies, or liuing Formes of Death.

Amaz'd with this, yet was I more anon,
When these (me thought) for hunger, set vpon
The former seuen, and so to worke did fall,
That sodainely they had deuour'd them all.

Heerewith I waked: and anon agen
Sweet slumber caught me, and I dreamed then
I saw seuen goodly full faire Eares of Corne,
Rise from one straw, scarce able to be borne:
And by and by, seuen other Eares there sprung
Light, chaffie, blasted, thin and closely clung,
Which in like manner greedily did eat
And quicke consume the 7. full Eares of Wheat.

These

The Maidens Blush.

These were my *Dreames*, which I have oft propos'd
To many, yet by none can be expounded. (dod
Now, if for Thee this Honor be refer'd,
If Thee alone my deeper *Dreames* deserv'd;
Then, happy Youth, reioyce with all thy heart,
Eternall Fame shall trumpet thy desert:
And, with Reward we shall so richly store thee,
That in all *Ægypt* none shall be before thee.

Great King, said *Joseph*, both your *Dreams* be one,
Sent downe from *God*, to be reucaled by none
(How-euer wise, how euer full of Parts,
How-euer complete in all depth of *Art*)
Saue by some Vessell of his owne Election,
To whom he daignes the grace of his direction:
And therefore could your Sages nothing show,
Not knowing *God*, though All-thing els they know.
Know this, O King: *God* by This Vision sends,
To let you know what shortly he intends.

Your seuen fat Bullocks are seuen fruitfull yeeres,
Which through all *Ægypt* shal oreflow your shieres,
While *Nile*, far fatter than to-fore he wont,
Shall farther spread his slimy Swe at vpon 't;
When happy *Memphis* shall such Plenty see,
That your old Barnes shall, all, too little be:

Your

The Maidens Blasp.

Your Rickes, your Garners, and your Bartons, All,
Too narrow for your Crops, too short, too small!
And, to confirme it, that it shall be so,
Your seuen full Eares but the same thing fore-shew,
Now be you pleas'd, my great and gracious Prince,
To heare the rest with heed and Patience:
For, 7. poore yeeres these 7. rich years shall follow,
Whose Penury their Plenty soone shall swallow;
When *Nile* shall shrink into his Chanell, nye
Leaving the Ridges and the Furrows dry,
Fields scorched, parched, burned euen to dust,
Both Solstices like dewlesse and adust:
No Torrents gushing from the Mountain tops,
Nor (vnder *Cancer*) on the *Æthyops*
Any returne of Winter's Moist againe,
Nor any help of sweet and timely Raine:
So that the Husband cannot plough his Land;
Or if he could, he should but plough the sand,
And cast his Seed amid the same to burne,
Without all hope of any Crops returne,
Or of increase: but rather prest, for need,
To quit his Plough, and on his Oxen feed.
Your seuen leane Bullocks, & seuen slender Eares,
Deuouring, shew these seuen deuouring yeeres.

This

The Maidens Blush.

This is your Dreame, ô King; and doubled Thus,
That, more assured, more solicitous,
More speedily you may provide before
(Thus warn'd by G o d) a Salve vnto this Sore.

Which, how to doe, (of me if you demand)
I would aduise you first through all the Land,
To build new Garners, long and large enough,
From time to time to store vp all the stuffe,
That may be spared thoroughout your State,
During those Yeares of Plenty fortunate;
Allowing onely for each Households need,
And for their Land, a Competence of Seed.

You must haue also Treasure ready still
To buy this Store, if well proceed you will.
And to this end, let there a man be sought
Discreet and wise, to wield it as it ought.
Let him haue power, as in your Royall Name,
Through all your Kingdome to dispose the same;
And vnderneath him to subordinate
Sub-Officers, to serue him and the State.

Thus I O S E P H counseld: & the while the King
With silence all maturely pondering,
At last breakes out in ioyfull admiration,
There is (no doubt) a Diuine Inspiration

E

In

The Maidens Blasse.

In this yong man. Without a spirit Diuine,
Of future things, none could so deepe define:
There is none like him, none to match him neere,
In all *Chaldea*, nor in *Egypt* heere.

Then, on his necke, shedding a showre of Ioy,
The King imbrac't, and kindly grac't the Boy;
Then, thus bespake him: Seeing God hath giuen
Thee this to know, and to foreshew, from Heauen;
I know not one so wise and so discret,
Nor for this Office than thy selfe more meet.
Thee, next to me, shall all my people serue,
And call thee Sauour: Thou dost them preserue.

Then, on his backe a Purple robe he dons,
Embossed round with rich and Orient Stones;
About his necke a massie Chaîne of Gold,
And on his finger (as they wont of old)
A royall Signet, a most precious Ring
(Not to be worn by any, but the King,
Or his Vice-gerent, whom he doth esteeme
And will haue deemed *Second vnto Him*)
Which *Pharaoh* there then plucked from his owne,
To put on *Ioseph's*, that he might be knowne
To be the *Second to Himselfe*, in all.
Then, on a Steed, the second in his Stall,

(Or

The Maidens Blush.

(Or second Chariot) in this solemne Pompe
He makes him ryde; and with the sound of Trumpe
Proclaimes, before him that they bow the knee
To his Vice-gerent, to This *Second Hee*,
To this Preseruer of their State; or rather
To this (adopted Sonne) their Countries Father;
This Prince of Worth, this more then Man, this Mi-
Thus happy, holy, Heauen-inspired Oracle; (racle,
Who, the Kings Dreames in time interpreting,
Had sav'd themselues, their Country & their King.

With all these Honors, and with Wealth conferrd,
With all applause good I O S E P H is preferd,
To rule all Ægypt: which with great Dexterity,
Wisdom and Worth, Care, Courage, & Sincerity,
He executes: And first, his Circuit rides
O're all the Land; Barnes euery where provides,
Which in those Plentious Yeeres he fills with Store,
Of euery kinde. And, sith it is no more
Vertue to purchase than preserue what's got,
He slips no time, but prudently doth plot
To kill all Vermine, cut off all Excesse
Of Gluttony and beastly Drunkenesse;
Abates their need-les Beasts, Dogs, Mules, & Horse,
Rids idle Roagues and Vag'rants, that be worse;

And rather buyes-in, from the Coasts about,
Than by a Licence lets a Corne goe out.
Thus he proceeds: and G o d so blest his hand,
That all things prosper'd ouer all the Land.

There was a City call'd *Heliopolis*,
(Whose Surname from the Sunne deriued is)
Whose Prince (a Priest too, to *Apollo's* Grace)
Had one faire Daughter, (faire indeed of Face
And outward Feature; but, much more diuin'd
For inward Beauties, Graces of the minde)
Whom *Phœbus* oft consulted with, had shew'n,
Not to be matcht to any of their Owne;
But, by a higher Fate, reserv'd to be
A Strangers Bride, with greater Dignity
To raise her Name, and honor her Posterity.

This Oracle at *I o s e p h* points in Verity,
Thanks *Phœbus* Priest and great King *Pharaoh*, too:
And to this end, th' *Isaacian* Prince they wooe.
When *Ægypt* now seuen happy yeeres had had,
All plentifull, all prosperous and glad;
It pleas'd the King, with Royall Pomp and State,
These Nuptiall Bands to knit and consummate
With sumptuous feasts; and (to prolong their ioyes)
With Tilts and Tourneys, Dances, Maskes, & toys,
So

The Maidens Blush.

So long, that now the seven rich Years, at last,
Were ended all, and all their Plenty past.

And now, *Sol's* Palfreys, having past the Twins,
Were passing hotly towards *Cancer's* Innes,
When the *Ægyptians* could no more perceive
Nile's over-flood, nor any mud to leave;
But, pure, unpuddled on the sand to slide,
And in his Bottom him well-neere to hide:
Their whilome fertile soyle now scerely rines,
Yawnes wide for thirst, no hope of Harvest gines:
If any seed be sowne, it neuer springs,
Or neuer buds, or neuer beares; or brings
Vnhappy Darnell, or dry Poppy seed,
Or is deuour'd by Vermines hungry breed.
So that they liue of former Yeeres remains,
Which hardly yet the first hard Yeere sustaines;
But men are faine to Grassie and Rats to fall,
To harmelesse Creatures, vncleane Beasts and all.

Then, to the King, City and Country fly
To sue for Comfort, and to seeke supply:
He to his *Viceroy* *I O S E P H* them refers;
He, instantly to vnder-Officers,
Who (by His Order) furnish all their Wants,
At equall Price; yet doe so high aduance

The Maidens Blush.

The Kings aduantage, that from farre and nye
The Wealth of all runnes to his Treasury :
His Checquer 's full : yet had they past (alas!)
Scarce foure hard yeeres, and had 3. more to passe.
What shall they do, poor soules? How will they shift?
Now nothing haue they, but their bare Lands left :
Those they would sell ; but, Who (Alas!) shuld buy?
None hath the Purse, except the King. They try
The Prudent *Vice-roy* : who approoues the thing,
Bargains and buyes a Fift part for the King.

This Famine raging fiercely euery where,
Fame bruits abroad (which came to *Jacobs* care)
That yet in *Ægypt* they were stor'd so well ,
That they had Corne enough, and some to sell :
Old *Israel* therefore calling vp his Sonnes,
You see, saith he, our short Prouisions :
You see how like we are to starue and pine,
And perish all, without the hand Diuine :
I heare there 's Corne in *Ægypt* to be bought ;
Methink, ere now, you shuld your selues haue thoght
It time to goe : Goe, get you quickly thither,
Take Coine and Sacks : goe, hye you all together,
Saue *Beniamin*. The other Tenne agree,
And, furnisht fit, set forth immediately.

Arriv'd

The Maidens Bluff.

Arriv'd in *Egypt*, they est-soones enquire
The Great *Corn-Master*; lowting lowe, desire
Corn for their money; I o s a p h knows them brim
To be his Brethren: but they know not Him.
He well remembers their vnkindnesse past,
(And, wrong receiv'd, draws strōg reuenge too fast.)
Yet, for *Gods* sake, his Fathers, and his Brothers
(Yong *Benjamin's*) he spareth all these others;
And speakes to Them, but strangely and austere:
Whence? what are you? you (Sirs) that cluster there?

My Lord, Your Seruants are one *Jacobs* Sonnes;
We come from *Canaan* (where our Father wonnes)
Compeld by Famine, (which there rageth sore)
To seeke your Fauour; of your happy Store,
To daign vs for our Money what you may.
Our Father hath great Houshold to defray,
Himselfe, Eleuen of Vs, our Little Fry,
Shepheards and Bondmen a great company:
And therefore hither are we come, my Lord,
To craue the Helpe your Fauour may afford,
To saue so many liues, that may be able,
And shall be willing (some way seruiceable)
To thanke your Lordship: for, our Father raignes
As King in *Sielem*, and he stocks the Plaines

The Maidens' Ban.

With goodly Flocks of many Thousand Sheepe,
And store of Cattle of all kindes doth keepe:
Vouchsafe vs therefore of your Corne, we pray,
That we may liue, what euer price we pay:
For, we come hither, not to beg, but buy.

* To buy? said I o s e p h; nay, I doubt to spye:
Spyes are ye all; so many sturdy Clownes;
To troope at once through all our Forts & Towns,
To view and to suruay our Strength and store,
And so the weakenesse of the Land explore.
Ye tell me of your Father and your Brother:
But, I beleue neyther the one, nor other: Test?
Where 's your Commission? Where 's your Fathers
Why came not that one Brother with the rest?
Or why came you so many? It is cleere

* You come to spy: and you shall buy it deere.
Thus, though his heart did melt, his bowels yerne,
He faines him fierce, and beares him roughly stern.

They, prostrate all, beseech him not suspect
Them any such. Our comming was direct,
We sweare (say they): The witnes we implore
Of th' onely G o d our Father doth adore,
Our Father sent vs; Famine droue vs hither;
For Corne we come: and that we come together,

Our

The Ministers Blasp.

Our need, our number, and our distance, craue
At once as much as we at once can haue :
Our other Brother is but yet a Lad
(And all the comfort that our Father had)
Too yong to trauell such a iourney yet ;
Which, vpon vs our Father layd, more fit.
We thought on no Commission: for, indeed
In such a case we thought there none should need.
Be good vnto vs, good my Lord, we pray ,
Pity our Father, (and if pity may
Pearce you at all) pity our Brothers case,
Pity our Babes, the hope of all our Race.

Twixt ouer-ioyd, his eyes will needs run ouer,
Which, yet a while, he turnes aside to couer :
Then, thus returnes ; Your cunning answer shoues
That you are false. Truth needs not such a Glose :
I am resolv'd, and can belieue no other.
By th' Life of *Pharaoh*, till you fetch your Brother,
You shall not hence, one Hostage shall remaine ,
The rest shall goe well loden home with graine :
Thus fauour will I doe, expect no other,
Nor moue me more, vntill you bring your brother,
To testifie your Stories are not lyes:
Else, by the life of *Pharaoh* you are Spies.

Heere

The Maidens Blasse.

(Here, Sirra, Marshall, take them to your charge,
Looke none of them be let to goe at large)
I'll giue you three daies Respit, to reuolue;
Then let me heare what herein you resoluē.

They (inly prickt in their owne conscience
For cruelties committed, now long since,
'Gainst this their vnknowne Brother, now a Prince)
Among themselues debating what was best
(Seeing the *Vice-roy* did so deepe protest)
Thought most expedient, and resoluē in brieft,
To send home Nine, loden with such reliefe,
To fetch their Brother, leauing one behinde:
Which Part, by Lot, to *Samson* was assign'd;
Whom they for Hostage to the Prince present,
(Vpon the third day) with their full intent.
Then he commands their Sacks with Corn be fill'd:
They pay for it; but, secretly he will'd,
That each mans money should againe be put
Into his Sacke, and then the Sacke re-shut.

So, now their Hostage in safe custody,
They lade their Asses, and full heavily
Leaue *Ægypt* and their Brother; hying home,
Vnto *Samarita*: where no sooner come,

But

The Maidens Blush.

But their olde Father, forthwith missing one,
Cryes, Where's your Brother? Where's my *Simcon*?
What, is he sicke, or dead (I doubt me rather)?
Neyther, said *Iuda*, dead, nor sicke, good Father:
Hee's well in Health, but doth for pledge remaine
In *Ægypt*, till we all goe backe againe,
And bring with vs our Brother *BENIAMIN*:
For, such conditions must we enter in,
Or else we could haue brought you nothing thence.

The Man we dealt with, a Great Man, a Prince,
Next to the King, at our arriuall there,
Aske many questions, whence, and what we were:
Whether we had a Father, or a Brother,
In what estate, how old; and many other.
We, doubting nothing, told him truly all:
Then, more austere, and more maiestically,
Now I perceiue (saith he) that you are Spies,
And all your Answeres are so many Lyes:
You come but to suruay our Strength, and Store,
To finde our Weakenes, and our Wants explore:
You tell me of your Father and your Brother,
But I belieue neyther the one, nor other. (Test)
Where's your Commission? Where's your Fathers
Why came not that one Brother with the rest?

Or,

The Maidens Blush.

Or, Why came you so many ? It is cleare ,
You come to spy, and you shall buy it deare.

We answerd for our selues the best we could :
All would not serue: Th' illue was this ; we should
Leaue one for Hostage, and the other Nine
Should bring home Corne, and bring him *BENJAMIN*,
Or neuer to returne vnto that place ,
Or neuer dare to looke him in the face :
For, by the Life of *Pharaoh*, we were spies,
(That is his Oath) and all our Words were Lies.

Good Father *Jacob* hauing heard all this,
With many a sigh (as sorrowes manner is)
Is there, saith he, ynder the Heau'ns bright Eye,
Another Father so distrust as I ?

One Sonne is lost ; another, Prisoner left
In a strange Land ; another, now bereft
(By your deuice, or your aduice at least)
And all of you (I doubt me) all the rest
To be extinct, while I suruiue in feares
Of so bad newes to come to my sad cares.

First would to God (so God were not displeas'd)
My dayes were ended, and my sorrowes eas'd.

Thus speaking wept he, and thus weeping spake.
His Sonnes with Comforts seeke his Care to shake,
Saying

The Maidens Blush.

Saying, The Godly should not feare so deepe,
Sith God his seruants will more safely keepe.

Then to their Sacks : Each hauing his vnknit,
Each findes his money in the mouth of it.
Amazed all : sad *Jacob*, there-upon,
Sons, Sons, (said he) there lackt but thus alone :
This is enough to kill all Hope (as vaine).
For, if to Egypt you returne againe,
The mighty Man that fain'd you Spies before,
Will find you Theeues now ; & what need he more,
Hauing so sifted, and so sought your Coar,
To finde a hole, that he might cut your throat ?
No, no (I sweare) my *Benjamin*, my Boy,
Mine onely comfort left, mine onely Ioy,
I will not hazard on so tickle ground :
You, you shall goe that are so promise-bound,
If you thinke good, and God will haue it so :
And when you are determined to goe,
I'll giue you all the golden good I haue,
Iewells and Coyne, your Brother to vnllau
And saue your selues ; and to bestow in Corne,
If God be pleased that you shall returne.
On th'other side, against his Fathers Feares,
Sad *Duda* thus intreats him, euen with Teares.

Deere

The Maidens Blush.

Deare Father, heare vs first; and then I pray
Haue Care of vs, and of your selfe this day.
For, how shall we vnto that Man returne,
Who solemnly hath by his *Pharaoh* sworne,
Except we bring our brother *Beniamin*,
Nor we, nor he that is there coop'd in,
Shall be dismiss't: nor shall we haue the grace
To heare his voyce, or euer see his face;
Where, God he knowes, what shall of vs become:
And how much better shall you be at home?
How will you liue? Where will you haue to feed
This multitude, if there we doe not speed?
Father, for Gods sake follow my aduice:
Vpon my perill, stand not off so nice.
This Lad will saue both vs and you, and all;
And, on my life, no hurt shall him befall:
Two tender pledges leaue I heere of mine;
If he miscarry, let Them pay the Fine.

Then doubt not, Father, lay your feare aside,
And prudently for you and yours provide.
That thus our money was return'd; no doubt,
By his direction it was brought about:
But, for a pitte-fall, or for Pity, rather,
It is vncertaine: this is certaine, Father,

He

The Maidens Blush.

He is reported, ouer all that Coast,
To be a good man, and a godly-most ;
And, if the Whole be partly ghest by Part,
We saw some tokens of a tender heart :
For, while to him we there did sad relate
The sad distresses of our present state,
Of you and of our Brother, and our Brats ;
Our misery he so compassionates, (hide
That hee euen wept: which though hee thought to
And turn'd away, yet many of vs spy'd.
Wherefore, good Father, let vs lose no time ;
Prolong no longer, neyther doubt the Clime,
Nor feare the man, nor faint for any thing :
We shall be safe vnder th' Almightyes wing.

This, vrg'd with teares ; the Old man, ouercome,
Cryes, Go on Gods name, God re-guide you home :
Goe when you will, and with you take the Lad,
And some best Presents that may here be had
In this hard time ; *Myrrhe, Storax, Almonds, Honey,*
Gumme, Cinnamon, and therewith, double Money,
Both for the former which you brought againe,
And for the New, if Now you shall obtaine.
And We the while will pray and pay our voves,
To th' euerlasting Patron of our house.

The

The Maidens Blash.

The Lord of Hosts, our Fathers God and ours,
To prosper and protect you with his pow'rs.
Blushing *Aurora* sweetly peeping out,
When *Sol* againe had brought his Teeme about,
The Father and the Sonnes, together all,
All vp and ready, on their knees doe fall
In due Deuotion, as they daily wont:
Then to their Breakfast (not to dwell vpon't)
Furnish of what their Iourney did require,
Gifts, Money, *Bowman*. Their tender Sire,
Weeping, Him kissing, and imbracing, Thus
Bids sad *Adieu*: Deare Sonne, Ay prosperous
Thy iourney be. If Fates thee safe restore,
Then with I life; for Teares he could no more.
Then to the rest; imbracing, blessing all,
While all for Blessing on their knees do call.

They to their long-hard iourney setting them,
Leauing *Samaria* and *Ierusalem*;
Past *Idumeas* Palmy Groues, and past
Sybonian Moores, *Arabian* Desarts vast;
At length arrive on *Egypt*s wealthy Coast,
And reach at last their *Memphis* wished most.
Whom gladly *Ioseph* entertaineth there,
And instantly lets out his Prisoner.

Admitted

The Maidens Blush.

Admitted then to gracious Audience,
Thus *Ryben* spake : When we, Right Noble Prince,
Return'd home, had to our Father done
Your high Commands touching his yonger Sonne,
Whom you required to be hither brought;
Opening our Sacks to shoo't the Corne we bought,
In euery Sacke we found our feuerall Sūm (come.)
(Which God he knowes, wee know not, how should
Our Father hearing what was come to passe,
And, seeing it, deep-sighing, cry'd, Alas!
Alas ! My sonnes, I see some sad Mis-hap
Hangs ouer vs : and all our old good hap
Is crost and cancel'd. Sees Heav'n's glorious eye
Another Father so distressed as I?
Twelue sonnes I had, and one (alas!) is lost;
Another, Prisoner in a forren coast;
Another, now (mine only comfort left)
Surrepted Thus, and You withall bereft :
And all of you to goe I wot not whither
(Made Theeues) perhaps to perish all together.

We comfort, We thus presse with all our powers
O Father, trust our Fathers God and ours.
And for the Man that now in *Ægypt* swayes,
He is most iust, most gentle. Him they praise

F

For

The Maidens Blush.

For their Preseruer, and their Father there
Pious and pure : then, What is thence to feare ?

Wonne with our words, at last with much adoe,
He granted vs to bring his Darling too.

Goe then, said he, God to and fro direct you ;
And with his wings of Fauour still protect you.

Take with you *Beniamin* ; and take withall
(Such as our Country yeelds) these Presents small,
Gumme, liquid *Storax*, bitter *Almonds*, *Honey*,

Myrror, *Cinnamon* : take also double money,
To pay both for the Corne you had before,
And for as much as now you shall bring more :

And to that iust Man (as you say) commend
Me and my Sonne : pray him to stand a Friend,
To pity Him, and You, and Me, and All.

So all good Hap to Him and You befall.

While this he spake ; The Prince, with much adoe
Refraining Teares, cryes, Welcome all of you,
Your Selues, your Presents, and your Brother here,
Who quits you from suspect : Be of good Cheere,
Goe wash your weary Limbes from soile & sweat,
And soone I pray come sit with me at meat.

Thus said the Prince The seruants, some prepare
Bath for their Feet ; some Vessels ; some their Fate ;
Buttry

The Maiens Blush.

Buttry and Pantry, some; some spread the Table;
And other some, as busie in the Stable.
Him-Selfe the while dispatcht affaires of State,
Heard Suites for Food, appointed each their Rate;
And then returnes vnto his Guests againe;
Showes them his stately House, his Stuff, his Train,
His gold and siluer Plate, ingrau'n, imboist,
Couches and Carpets of a wondrous Cost;
And round about, most sumptuous to behold,
Deepe Arras Hangings, all of silke and gold,
Of sundry Stories there so liuely wrought,
That, almost, liuing were the Figures thought;
Such sprightly Postures, and so speaking Gestures,
So natue Visages, so naturall Vestures.

Faith-famous *Abra'm*, after Heav'ns behest,
Leads heere his *Isaac* to be kill'd, as Beast.
The Lad here loads the Ass with Holmen sprays:
The Father makes the Pile: Hereon he layes
His bond-led, blind-led Sonne: his hand, heau'd vp,
An Angell holds, and there is held a Tup.

There, *Jacob*, flying his rough Brothers wrath,
Hyes him amaine towa:ds his natue Path,
His Fathers ancient Seat, and happy Realme,
Betwixt swift *Tigris*, and th' *Euphratean* Streame.

The Maidens Blush.

There, at a Well his Vncle's Daughter aides,
Drawing vp Water for the tender Maides :
There, on the Downes he tends their Fathers sheep,
Serving for *Rachel* double Prentiship.

While *Isr'els* glad Sonnes (at this wealth amaz'd,
Now full of Hope, on these things greedy gaz'd,
Great *IOSEPH* calls (for, Supper was gone vp.)
Come, giue vs Water: It is time to sup:
Then, tall, he sets him in his Iuory Chaire,
And bids them sit, and treats them wondrous faire.

*Heere, Death preventing Fracastorius,
This, late begun, He left vn-ended This.*

FINIS.

Tamburlaine

the Great.

2

Who, from the state of
a Shepheard in SCYTHIA, by his
rare and wonderfull Conquests, be-
came a most puissant and mighty
Monarque.

As it was acted: by the right Ho-
norable, the Lord Admirall
his Seruantes.



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